A Dark Shadow;

Or, A Coming Vengeance

CHAPTER II.—(Cont'd).

"Why, where on earth have you been, father?" she demanded. "You ought to have been back from your beat an hour ago! and wot's 'appened to Meena? She's all of a shake—and bleedin', too! What is it, a beanfeast, or a prize-fight? I thought you'd get into mischief and trouble, when I let yer out to-night. Might as well trust a couple of babies out of yer sight! And why on earth don't yer come in; wot do yer stand gawking there for?"

She clutched at the still trembling Mina, and drew her in; but the hunchback hesitated, and, looking from the truculent figure to Clive deprecatingly, began nervously—

"This gentleman, Tibby——"

The weird little creature gave a melodramatic start, and stared at Clive as if she saw him for the first time, and, with her arm round Mina, eyed him up and down with an aggressive air as if she resented his presence, and was quite determined to accept no excuse for it.

"So it is a gentleman!" she said, as if he might easily have been mistaken for a lamp-post. "An' wot might Mr. Gentleman want?"

"He's been very kind to—to Mina," explained the dwarf apologetically. "You see, there was a row, Tibby——"

"Oh, was there?" retorted the girl with a deceptive suavity. "Well, there'll be another, and a precious big one, if this gentleman don't take hisself off, and mind 'is own business."

As she uttered this disconcerting threat she shot out a hand, clutched hold of the dwarf, jerked him stumblingly over the threshold, and slammed the door in Clive's face.

Clive stood staring at the door for a moment or two with pardonable confusion; then he turned away, and set off homeward with the cry of the street singer, as she went down under the blow of the belt, mingling strangely with the cheers and shouts which had acclaimed his triumph in the House; and with the faces of the two girls, that of Lady Edith, Lord Chesterleigh's daughter, and Mina, the poor little nightingale of the London streets, chasing each other like dissolving views before his mind's eye.

CHAPTER III.

Clive let himself into the modest little house in Bureligh street, and went up to his rooms—small, but by no means uncomfortable diggings—on the second floor. His reading lamp was lit, and he sat down, started a pipe, and drew some papers towards him; for be it known that a member of Parliament's work does not cease when he leaves the House—that is, a member plagued by a conscience and ambition.

But he found it rather difficult to concentuate his mind on the Blue Book he wished to master, and he leant back and blew smoke rings in the air, trying not to think of the poor little street singer. He had almost succeeded when there came a knock at the door, and in response to Clive's "Come in!" a man entered.

He was Clive's fellow- lodger, and lived in still more modest rooms on the floor above. He was a rather singular-looking man, with one of those clean-shaven faces which rouse the curiosity of the observer, while riveting his attention. The fact was not only an impassive one, but it appeared to be absolutely incapable of expression; the lips were thin, and scarcely moved when he spoke; and the eyelids were thick and drooping, so that Clive could not have told, if his life depended upon it, whether his fellow-lodger's eyes were dark or light. His movements were as devoid of expression as his countenance; as he stood in the doorway—he was in his shirt sleeves, and they and the rest of his clothes seemed to hang upon him as if they were displayed on a too meagre tailor's dummy—he looked more like an automaton than a sentient human being.

One may live in a house in London for ten years without learning the name and the occupation of one's fellow-lodger; but by a few chance words Clive had come to know that the man was a journalist; which no doubt accounted for the fact that he did not rise until midday, and did not retire to rest until early morning.

"Hullo, Quilton!" said Clive. "Come in."

"Sorry to intrude," said Quilton, "but I've run out of bacca. Can you spare me a pipe?"

Clive signed to his open pouch. "Certainly. Sit down."

Quilton sank noiselessly into a chair, and filled a blackened clay slowly and with precision.

"Do you happen to know the rest of 'See, the Conquering Hero Comes'?" he said, without lifting his head.

Clive laughed, and shook his head.

"No, I suppose not," remarked Quilton. "Nowadays people never know more than the first line of anything. I asked a bandsman in the Park the other day if he could repeat the whole of 'God Save the King,' and offered him a shilling for the feat. Of course, he couldn't. If I know the whole of 'See, the Conquering Hero Comes,' I would repeat it to you as my humble tribute to your triumph to-night."

"Thanks," said Clive, with a laugh. "You were in the House?"

Quilton nodded. "I was. It was a fine speech, a remarkably fine speech. It warmed even us up in the Press Gallery. I am writing a leader on it for The Beacon."

"Thanks," said Clive again. "I am glad you liked what I said."

Quilton raised his lids for a second. "Yes. They were saying in the Gallery that you were the coming man, and I'm inclined to agree with them. Whether you'll be happier when you have arrived is another question. From my knowledge of human nature, which is——"

"Which is not limited," remarked Clive, for, from words that Quilton had let slip from time to time, Clive knew that this singular being had been a great traveller, and was an extraordinary linguist.

"I should say the difference between failure and success is inappreciable. But don't let me discourage you; in fact, I should like to join the great Mr. Graham and equally great Lord Chesterleigh in their admiration and appreciation of your phenomenal success."

"Thanks," said Clive once more. "Yes, they were both very kind."

"I saw them," said Quilton, lighting his pipe, and regarding the expiring match as if it were something of absorbing interest. "I heard some of Graham's men saying that you were the hope of the party." There was a pause; then, in an absolutely toneless voice, he added, "A very beautiful girl, Lord Chesterleigh's daughter."

"You saw her? Yes, she is very beautiful," assented Clive.

"Yes, I was standing near the carriage while she was talking to you," said Quilton, in a casual way.

"I wish I had seen you," said Clive. "I should like to have introduced you to Mr. Graham and Lord Chesterleigh. Mr. Graham is very much interested in The Beacon."

"Yes? It doesn't follow that he would be interested in me," said Quilton. "I am only a reporter, hack, and general utility' for that youthful but promising journal." Another pause; then he remarked, "Lord Chesterleigh was looking well, I thought; all the better for his rest, no doubt."

This repeated reference to Lord Chesterleigh reminded Clive of the wild-looking woman who had seemed to threaten the ex-Foreign Minister; and, wondering whether Quilton, whose knowledge of the history of public characters all over the world, and of London life generally, seemed to be encyclopaedic, could offer a solution of the mystery, Clive, after a moment's hesitation, said:

"By the way, I witnessed, in fact assisted at, a rather curious incident to-night. There was a block outside the gates as the Chesterleigh carriage was driving away, and, while it was stopping, a woman darted out of the crowd, and—well, appeared to be going to throw something at Lord Chesterleigh. I caught her arm, and tried to hang on to her, but she got away by a simple trick that ought not to have taken in a schoolboy, and I lost her."

"Oh," said Quilton, "that sounds interesting." But he did not look at all interested; indeed, his face was more like a waxen mask than usual, if that were possible. "What sort of woman was she?"

"What sort of woman? Oh, a tall, dark woman, with a foreign look about her—something Spanish, I thought. She was poor, I should think, for she was shabbily dressed, but with a touch of finery, a dash of color somewhere about her dress; perhaps that is why I thought she was a foreigner."

"Did Lord Chesterleigh see her?" asked Quilton indifferently.

"I think not," replied Clive. "He was looking the other way, towards Victoria Street."

"And Lady Edith?"

"No, I'm sure—yes, quite sure—she did not; she was looking at the block. You know her—you called her Lady Edith?"

Quilton shrugged his shoulders very slightly. "No," he said. "How should a poor devil of a literary hack know the daughter of Lord Chesterleigh? But I suppose most persons know her Christian name; it's in the papers often enough. What do you make of the incident? By the way, it would serve for an interesting paragraph for The Beacon—oh, don't be alarmed. Strange to say, I have that singular possession for a journalist, a delicate conscience; it is a great encumbrance, and handicaps me rather severely—as in this instance."

"I am not alarmed," said Clive. "I am quite sure you wouldn't use the incident, Quilton. What do I make of it? I don't know. At first I thought she might be intoxicated; but she wasn't. I rather fancy that she mistook Lord Chesterleigh for some one else. Why should a queer-looking woman rush up to his carriage and threaten him in that fashion? What do you make of it?"

"I don't make anything," replied Quilton. "I am rather inclined to think with you that it was a case of mistaken identity. I should say that Lord Chesterleigh was the last man to be connected with a mystery in which a woman was concerned. He is reputed to be a temple of all the virtues, the domestic ones especially. But it would have been embarrassing, to say the least of it, if the woman's eccentric behavior had been observed by the crowd, and attracted the attention of the police. The story would have been in all the morning papers, and Lord Chesterleigh and his innumerable friends—to say nothing of his party—would have been grievously distressed."

"That occurred to me just in time to prevent my giving chase to her," said Clive; "so I let her go."

"You acted wisely, in my humble opinion," said Quilton. "Always avoid a scandal. It is just possible," he added, "that the woman was mad. Did that explanation occur to you?"

"Of course," said Clive; "but I don't think she was mad, excepting with passion. I never saw a woman in a greater rage. She reminded me of a wild cat."

There was a pause. Quilton smoked without opening his lips, and blowing dense clouds through his nose. Presently he rose.

"Good tobacco of yours this, Harvey," he said.

"Take some more," said Clive; "take enough to carry you through the night. I guess you smoke right through your work, as I do."

"Yes," admitted Quilton. "Your heart will be as weak as mine, when you are as old as I am."

Clive regarded him with faint curiosity. He had often wondered whether the man was young or old; the smooth face, the impassive manner, baffled any conjecture.

"You speak as if you were a Methuselah," he said.

"I am older, as a matter of fact," said Quilton. "Good night!"

He paused, with his hand on the door knob; and with his thick eyelids completely covering his eyes, and his tone and manner one of absolute indifference, said:

"The woman stood right under the lamplight, and yet you say you should not know her again?"

Clive looked up with slight surprise. "How do you know she stood right under the lamplight?"

Quilton turned his pipe from one corner of his mouth to the other before replying.

"She could scarcely have been out of the light where she stood," he said.

"Oh, well, of course, she was in the light," said Clive; "but I didn't say I shouldn't recognize her again. I'm not sure—yes, I think I might. Why do you ask?"

"Upon my word, I don't know," answered Quilton. "I imagine my question sprang from my desire to display a respectful and polite interest in your little story. I will go and finish that leader on you; it's getting late. I've likened you to Cicero, Cato, and Peabody. Is there any other orator or philanthropist, ancient or modern, you would like me to mention?"

Clive laughed, and picked up his Blue Book.

"Good night," he said. "Don't lay it on too thick, there's a good fellow."

Quilton went upstairs with his noiseless tread, and entered his own room, turning the key mechanically and as if the action were an habitual one. The room was sparsely furnished and much littered—the servant was never allowed to arrange or dust anything—and the deal table, the chairs, and a rickety lodging-house sofa were crowded with books and papers. A cheap paraffin lamp, and a bottle of gin and its accompanying glass, stood by the writing pad, on which lay the leader that Quilton was writing.

He poured himself out some gin, and sat down to his work, finished it, and, putting on his coat, got his soft felt hat from its hook; then he paused, and, with his hands thrust in his pockets, stared at the shabby carpet, worn by his continual pacing to and fro during the act of composition. He half turned towards the door, then went to an old cupboard at the end of the room, took from it a small battered box, and, unlocking it, turned over some papers and trinkets until he found a small miniature.

He carried this to the light, and regarded it for some moments with an impassive countenance.

"Yes, she's changed a good deal," he said reflectively. "I doubt whether he would have known her. So she has broken out again; that's bad."

He tossed the miniature into the box, locked it carefully, and, letting himself out of the room, went down the stairs in his usual noiseless fashion.

CHAPTER IV.

Harvey was not troubled with dreams; for he belonged to that healthy and fortunate, and extremely limited class of young men who fall asleep very soon after their heads touch the pillow, and are only awakened by a prolonged bombardment on the door by a long-suffering servant.

If he had been inclined to forget the closing incident of last night, he was reminded of it while shaving by the slight but perceptible scar on his cheek; and naturally enough he thought pityingly of the more serious blow which had fallen on the young girl. He wondered whether she had been badly hurt; and it seemed to him that in common humanity he ought to go and ascertain, notwithstanding the rebuff which he had received from the odd-looking creature whom the hunchback had addressed as "Tibby"; but he knew how keenly the poor resented anything like intrusion, and he put the desire from him.

He was due on a Committee at eleven o'clock, and after he had made a good breakfast, he lit his cigar and walked towards the House. As he was passing Wellington Barracks an open carriage overtook him; there was some luggage on the box, and inside the carriage was seated a thin and peevish looking young man, wrapped in a big overcoat, and with an eyeglass.

He was Clive's eldest brother, Adolphus, Lord Sharing. Clive stopped, and the coachman, touching his hat, pulled up. Adolphus looked as if he were inclined rather to cut his brother; but Clive went up to the carriage and nodded.

"Morning, Dolf," he said; "going somewhere?"

Sharing's wizened face flushed an unhealthy pink, and he surveyed the tall, erect figure and handsome, healthy face of his younger brother with an unfriendly stare.

"Yes, I am going to Rafborough," he said querulously. "I am very unwell. The doctor says I must get away from London, get away for perfect quiet and rest."

"Sorry," said Clive. "How is the guv'nor?"

"He has a bad attack of the gout," said Sharing, eyeing Clive accusingly. "He's very much upset; and no wonder. He read that abominable speech of yours in the paper this morning, and it drove him half mad. 'Pon my soul, I can't think how you could have said the things you did. Deuced bad form, I call it. Seems to me you've gone off your head, and not only forgotten what's due to yourself as a—a gentleman, but what's due to the family."

"Sorry you didn't like the speech, Dolf," said Clive good-temperedly. "More sorry that the guv'nor's bad. I suppose he wouldn't like me to call, wouldn't see me if I did?"

"He certainly would not," replied Sharing, with a sniff. "And I don't see how you could expect him to; in fact, I don't see how you could expect any of us to stand the infernal nonsense—the way you're carrying on. I shall lose the train if I don't look out.—Drive on, Wilson."

Clive walked on thoughtfully and somewhat sadly. As he reached the Square he came within sight of the newspaper man's stand, and there, in large letters on the contents bills, was "Mr. Harvey's speech on the Housing of the Poor"; "The Friend of the People' on the Dens of London." Clive was not a vain man, and he averted his eyes quickly, with the embarrassment which a modest man feels when he sees his name conspicuously displayed in public; but it must be confessed that his pulse quickened and that he was conscious of a sense of gratification At any rate, he had done something last night to deserve in some slight measure the title bestowed upon him.

(To be continued.)

FLEET FOOT

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ASK YOUR DEALER. 1

BARGAINS IN TITLES.

European Nations Do a Thriving Business in Decorations.

These lots for sale: Duke, $5,000; earl, $3,750; marquess, $2,500; count, $2,250; baron, $1,250; knight, $1,000, and a splendid assortment of orders and decorations at prices ranging from $100 to $2,500.

Although foreign countries do not thus openly advertise their readiness to do business with those who aspire to affix a handle to their names, the fact is generally recognized that a considerable traffic in titles is carried on.

The tiny republic of San Marino, which does a roaring trade in titles of nobility at fixed rates, devotes a greater part of the profits to the maintenance of its foundling and orphan asylum. It will make you and all your heirs, or only your heirs male, if such is your desire, a duke for $5,000, or an earl for $3,750.

An idea of the traffic done in titles may be gathered from the fact that a German firm trading in Sweden sends out a circular, marked Private and Confidential, offering to secure any orders and decorations required. The list includes papal honors—for the Pope does a little business, too, and will make you a count for $2,250, or a baron for $1,250—honors of Persia, Turkey, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Roumania and Austria, the cost of which vary considerably.

The Portuguese Order of Christ, for instance, according to the list, may be had for between $1,000 and $1,500, while the Order of Isabella of Spain, with a ribbon identical with that of the Prussian Red Eagle, costs from $1,000 upward. The Austrian Iron Crown runs to $5,000.

The Orders of Saint George vary in price in different countries. In Sicily it costs $375, and in Bavaria more than twice as much, but you may become a knight of Montenegro for as little as $75.

The King of Greece does rather a prosperous business with the Order of the Redeemer, which can be had for $250, while Servia bestows the Order of Takova for a like sum. The Prince of Monaco has for disposal the Order of the Star, for which he asks $175, and for $50 less one can secure the Order of the Sun of Nasr-en-did from the Shah of Persia.

Although titles cannot be bartered in England, it is, of course, an open secret that a generous contribution to political funds often paves the way to a place in the peerage. Apropos of this it is interesting to note that Franz Kossuth, the son of the famous patriot, charged the Hungarian government with receiving no less than $1,400,000 by selling baronies.

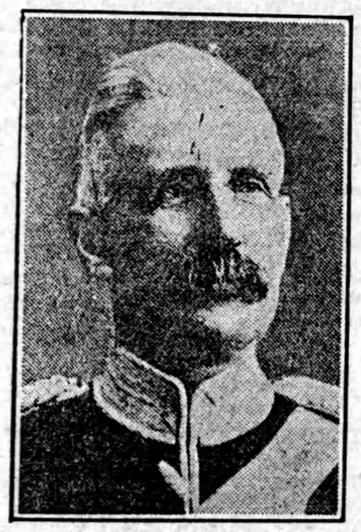
Another phase of this traffic in titles is revealed by carefully worded advertisements which have appeared in London papers from time to time, offering for sale the titles of impoverished noble families of France. It is not so long ago since three titles, two of which were French—one a count and the other a marquess respectively, and one of an Austrian prince—were put up for sale in London, the prices ranging from $200,000 to $500,000.

COL. GEORGE T. DENISON.

Saw Coming Change in Cavalry Tactics Back in 1877.

Colonel George T. Denison every Canadian knows as Toronto's Police Magistrate. But not many people know Colonel Denison to be a prophet and an author of note. Such is the case, however. Thirty-six years ago he wrote a book, "A History of Cavalry," and entered it in a competition inaugurated by the Russian War Department, by authority of Emperor Alexander II., for the best history of cavalry. There were three prizes, and Colonel Denison, in competition with the world, won the first prize—5,000 roubles. There never had been before and there never has been since any such complete work on the subject. And, furthermore, a principle which he advocated—a principle revolutionizing the cavalry service—and which he claimed would be the basis of future military mounted operations—has proven sound and has been universally adopted.

With the perfection of firearms, Col. Denison marked a coming change in cavalry tactics. He prophesied that cavalry would be armed with firearms, that the sword and the lance would fall into disuse, that cavalry would not be used to beat down an enemy by shock, but would be in effect mounted infantry. This contention—regarded as mistaken or absurd by most military authorities when Colonel Denison's book first appeared—has been proven sound by modern war.



Col. G. T. Denison.

In the Boer War and the Russo-Japanese War, the mounted rifles won the day. The British went into the Boer War with 3,000 steel-armed cavalry of the old type, and at the end of the war had 100,000 mounted men in the field. That was the only way they could fight the 87,365 Boers who took the field—practically all mounted riflemen. In the Russo-Japanese War there was not a single charge against riflemen on foot. The sword and lance were nowhere. The rifle was supreme, inspiring the only effective action for cavalry as well as infantry. Few as the achievements of the Russian cavalry were, whatever they did achieve was through fire action.

His Name Was Peacock.

In a small village lived a gentleman whose name was Peacock and his great hobby was the breeding of turkeys, of which he always kept a large quantity in a paddock in front of his house adjoining the roadway, which was a great attraction to the public. One day a traveller passing that way mingled with a little crowd that was watching their antics, and asked: "Whose turkeys are these?" A youth replied: "They're Peacock's." Traveller: "I asked you whose turkeys are those?" Youth (answering again): "They're Peacock's." Traveller (excited, and boxing the youth's ears): "You young fool, do you think I can't tell peacocks from turkeys?"

Starting at the Bottom.

"I'm going to have my boy begin at the bottom and work up," said the millionaire.

"I presume you intend to start him in as an office boy, then."

"Exactly."

"Shall I put him on the pay-roll at the regular office boy's salary?"

"No, I wouldn't do that. You'd better start him in at about $100 a week. The boy's simply got to have a little pocket money."

Wife (pleadingly)—"I'm afraid, Jack, you do not love me any more—anyway, as well as you used to." Husband—"Why?" Wife—"Because you always let me get up to light the fire now." Husband—"Nonsense, my love! Your getting up to light the fire makes me love you all the more."

On the Farm

Proper Storage.

Too much emphasis cannot be placed upon the proper storage of potatoes. Not alone should this emphasis be placed because proper storage controls the Fusarium or dry-rot and other diseases, but because the vitality of the seed is such an important factor in potato production that it should never be overlooked. There is, in the opinion of the writer, no other single factor so important to the potato industry. Proper storage prevents the progress of the disease as a dry-rot. Spraying will not control the disease.

Storage litter and sick seed should not be allowed to reach the manure pile, as this will be a sure method of distributing the disease and infecting the fields.

A seed plot on non-infected soil planted with carefully selected, healthy seed will offer a means of getting a sound seed supply.

Whenever potatoes are placed in a warm, damp storage they go to pieces; the fungus often showing on the surface as patches of a white, moldy growth. In damp storage, bacteria early becomes associated with the Fusarium disease, causing wet, soft rots. Storage cellars should be kept cool, dry and well drained. Burying (pitting) in the field is more satisfactory than most cellar storage for seed purposes.

Dairy Hints.

The cow that is always bawling is seldom best at filling the pail.

There is no danger of having an over-supply of good country butter. In the metropolitan centers it has become almost an unknown quantity.

If you have only a small quantity of cream shake it in a fruit jar or beat in a bowl with a fork or spoon. Be sure it is pure cream with no milk, otherwise, it may prove a long and tedious process.

Those who scoff at the value of pedigree have but to look at the human family to see a repetition of the same traits from generation to generation. Is it not just as plausible to believe that the well-bred animal will in all likelihood inherit some of these traits? Certainly, it is hopeless to expect anything but scrub stock from scrubs. Individuality counts for much, but the power of pedigree should not be overlooked.

Study the peculiar traits of the various members of your herd and strive to adapt yourself to them. One cow prefers corn to oats or bran. Humor her in her tastes and she will reward you. The good humor of even a cow is worth striving for.

The Road Drag.

The earth road will doubtless be commonly used in rural communities for many years because of its low first cost. The ever-recurring problem of upkeep on such a road can be solved very largely by the use of the so-called split-log drag.

Anyone who can use tools reasonably well can build one of these drags at a cost of $4 or $5 for labor and material. Very few tools are required in making the drag, and its use is as simple and cheap as its construction. If desired, metal drags can be bought at a somewhat great cost from manufacturers of road machinery.

Careful use of the drag on a road that is already in reasonably good condition will almost entirely prevent trouble from ruts, mud holes or dust, and give good service at a low cost.

Notes of the Hog Lot.

Tankage makes healthy hogs and gives them bone and muscle.

Do not keep too many pigs together and compel them to sleep in one nest.

The most economical gains in pig feeding are obtained by a judicious blending of nitrogeneous and carbonaceous foods.

Crossing may improve the hogs for the feed lot alone, but not for the purpose of perpetuating their kind.

Notes of the Sheepfold.

Sheep must play an important part in the restoration of fertility to the worn-out grain-raising areas of the country.

A common error of the inexperienced breeder is failure to provide good shelter. Lambs cannot make good gains with wet feet or soggy fleece.

One man can feed 400 lambs to a finish between fall and spring more easily than he can feed, milk and clean up after ten dairy cows.

Avoid crowding the lambs in the feeding quarters. They need a lot of room on account of their natural habit of crowding.

The ram should be in perfect condition, but not fat, at mating.

The true breeder is always wanting to improve his flock and aside from the love of sheep the profits have stimulated his efforts to have better ones.

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are especially good for children because they are pleasant to take, gentle in action, do not irritate the bowels nor develop a need for continual or increased doses. 25c. a box, at your Druggist's.

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FROM MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

The largest dock in the world is at Cardiff, Wales.

For every thousand people in England and Wales, fifteen die annually.

Birmingham is the great jewellery manufacturing centre of the United Kingdom.

A medical officer reports that there are 10,000 people residing in the northwest wards of Deptford without a bath in their homes.

The King received in audience at Windsor, Field-Marshal Sir John French, and handed him his field marshal's baton.

The cemeteries around London cover 2,000 acres, and the land they occupy represent a capital of $100,000,000.

Three men were sentenced to six months and one to three months' imprisonment at Carlisle for picking pockets at a West Coast corridor express.

The Merchant Service Guild have announced that increased pay for captains and officers have been granted by various lines, including the Union Castle.

Unmarried men who will undertake to remain single for four years have been selected as recruits by the Swansea Watch Committee for the Borough police.

Prince Christian's pigs, including some noted prize-winners, have been sold at Slough. A sow named Saucy Vexen was bought for the King for over $130.

A serious attempt by suffragettes to destroy crops over a large area, and also to cause a heavy loss of life has been discovered at Yardley Wood, near Birmingham.

John William Griffith, said to be the oldest living authority on Cheddar cheese, has just celebrated the ninetieth anniversary of his birth at Shepton Mallet.

Two acres of earthworks constructed by the Royalists when Newark was besieged during the civil war in 1644 have been designated as public recreation grounds.

Eighteen thousand cotton operatives of Nelson, Lancashire, are making preparations for their annual "feast," in which they will spend between $100,000 and $150,000.

The death has occurred of Alderman James Marriott at the age of ninety-four. He was the pioneer of the cycle trade in England, and was Mayor of Coventry in 1865-7.

Mr. Henry S. Boyton, of Dover, has completed his fiftieth year as a choirman of St. Mary's, Dover, and was previously for thirteen years in the choir of another church in the town.

So many bats had made their home in the belfry of Holbeach Parish Church, Lincolnshire, that it was decided to take some steps to destroy them. Sulphur was burnt and 33 bats were killed in one evening.

SUGAR AS YOU LIKE IT

FINE Grain Sugar

To have every grain alike, size of dots at left, each one choice extra Granulated White pure cane sugar, get the St. Lawrence in bags, with red tag—100lbs., 25lbs., 20 lbs.

MEDIUM Grain

In the bags of St. Lawrence "Medium Grain" — blue tags — every grain is choicest granulated sugar, about size of a seed pearl, every one pure cane sugar.

COARSE Grain

Many people prefer the coarser grain. The St. Lawrence Green Tag assures every grain a distinct crystal, each about the size of a small diamond, and almost as bright, but quickly melted into pure sweetness.

Your grocer's wholesaler has the exact style you want—grain, quality and quantity all guaranteed by

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